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## CAN THE 'ROLLING' OF SHIPS BE CHECKED?

THE designing of Her Majesty's ship *Inflexible* was regulated by certain conditions which had the indirect effect of making her a very heavy roller; and the question arose: 'Is it possible to devise some means whereby the steadiness of a vessel tossed by wind and waves can be promoted?' At once Mr R. E. Froude—who had already made certain experiments and investigations that had a bearing upon the question—set to work to study it thoroughly, and with him was associated in the work his colleague in the Admiralty, Mr P. Watts. It had already been noticed that the presence of what is termed a bilge-keel in a vessel did much to increase her steadiness while at sea, though it was also known that there were serious obstacles to the use of this appendage. In the first place, in large ships it would have to be of a great size, and consequently much exposed and liable to injury; in the second place, it offered a considerable impediment to a vessel's progress; and in the third place, in the case of large ships like the *Inflexible*, the addition of a bilge-keel, which is the ordinary keel deepened, would make a passage into and out of existing docks impossible. So the mere use of a bilge-keel did not meet the case, and other methods of reducing the rolling tendency of a ship were discussed. Finally, the 'water-chamber' method found favour; and it was proposed to put it into practice.

The water-chamber method is briefly this: One tank or more is fitted into the hull of the vessel, stretching from side to side; and into such tank or tanks a certain quantity of water is admitted, it being found that the motion of the water produces a force which acts in opposition to the rolling of the ship, which it consequently tends to check. A little consideration will show how this is the case. A ship rolls on one side—say to the right—and the water in the tank follows; so, for a moment or two, the ship and the water

are weighing down together; then the force of the wind and waves makes the vessel start off for the roll over to the other side; but it is clear that, until it has passed the point of perpendicularity and commenced to incline to the left, the water in the chamber will be tending to prevent it from doing so, by still weighing down to the right. In fact the water does not 'come' so quickly as the ship, but has a tendency to lag behind. When the vessel has rolled leftwards, the floor of the water-chamber will have become sloped, and the water will run leftwards too. But almost immediately the lateral momentum of the ship will have become reversed, and the water in the chamber will once more check the motion of the hull and tend to hold it back leftwards. And so it goes on, there being a constant force in the hull which goes to counteract the motion of the ship tossed by wind and sea.

This method of checking the rolling of the vessel while at sea having been decided upon, two water-chambers were fitted into the *Inflexible*, one forward, and the other aft. The one forward measured twenty-two feet across, and extended from the armour-deck to the upper deck. The one aft measured fourteen feet across, and extended from the armour-deck to the main-deck. As the work of building the vessel proceeded, however, it was found necessary to appropriate the first-named chamber for purposes of storage; and so only one water-chamber was left for Mr Froude to experiment with. Nevertheless, with this he arranged a programme of operations which included the testing of the rolling of the vessel with and without water in the chamber, both in a comparatively smooth and in a rough sea. Another disappointment was, however, in store for him. He had but completed his experiments in the Mediterranean with the ship in still water and without the chamber in use, when the order was flashed from Westminster that the *Inflexible* was to proceed at once to Alexandria, to take part in the operations there that had arisen in connection with the Egyptian troubles. However, on the 16th of June 1882, while lying about

twenty or thirty miles off Alexandria, some experiments as to the way in which the ship would behave in deep sea with and without the water-chamber in use, were made. The result of these experiments was to show that the chamber was most effective when about half full of water, and that when in this condition, it reduced the rolling of the vessel by about 37·5 per cent. This result had reference to the ship while in regular waves.

In 1883, Mr Watts read a paper before the Institution of Naval Architects setting forth the results of the experiments that had been made with the water-chamber. The matter was not received with unqualified approval by the members of the Institution, and the danger of introducing free water into a ship was referred to by Sir Edward J. Reed, M.P., Mr J. D'A. Samuda, Mr W. John, Mr B. Martell, and other gentlemen well versed in shipping matters. It was, however, frankly admitted on all hands that the subject was only as yet in its undeveloped infancy, and that it was impossible to pronounce judgment upon it before further investigations and experiments had been made. In the paper referred to, Mr Watts said that such further experiments were about to be made, both with models and with the ship artificially rolled in still water; and he promised that, at a future date, he would put before the Institution the result of those experiments. Hence, in the March of the present year, at the sessional meetings of the Institution of Naval Architects, held in the hall of the Society of Arts, he read a paper 'On the Use of Water-chambers for Reducing the Rolling of Ships at Sea.' In this paper the history of the method was continued.

It appeared that, though it had at first been intended to pursue the experiments with the *Inflexible*, this was not found to be convenient, and the *Edinburgh* had been selected as a substitute. In the *Edinburgh*, the water-chamber is fourteen feet across, and runs from one side of the ship to the other, with a capacity of two hundred and ten tons. Mr Watts had to communicate very satisfactory results as the outcome of his experiments with the water-chamber in the *Edinburgh*, and he concluded with the following words: 'In this paper I have not had time to consider how the safety of a ship must limit the extent of the space or spaces set apart for this purpose; but it appears that, supposing the safety of the ship not endangered, rolling may be reduced by this means to almost any extent.'

Mr Watts' second paper met with a warmer reception at the hands of the members of the Institution of Naval Architects than his first one had done. It was criticised, it is true; and a naval captain, having apologised for speaking on a subject which did not properly come within his province, said that, though, on going into action, he should be anxious above all things to secure a steady gun-platform, yet he should be very loth to let a volume of free water into his ship, for he believed the enemy would do that for him quite soon enough. In discussing the question of danger, the case of the ill-fated *Austral* was mentioned—as it had been two years before—as an evidence of the fatal results attending the letting of free water into a ship; but this

provoked an indignant response from Mr Martell, who, having traced the fatality in question to carelessness, declared, amid applause, that it could not possibly be used either as an argument for or as an argument against the use of water-chambers.

There can be no doubt that the admission under certain conditions of a large quantity of free water into a ship does represent a very serious element of danger. But this fact is recognised by no one more readily than by Mr Froude and Mr Watts; and of course, before water-chambers can come into general practical use, the character and conditions of this element of danger must be ascertained, in order that it may be avoided. Another argument used against the employment of water-chambers is, that they must necessarily take up a large amount of space, which should be applied to other purposes. But this argument loses all its force when we are reminded that the water-chamber can be utilised for the storage of the fresh-water supplies of the vessel, or for the water-ballast which is so frequently used. While, however, we can very safely leave the matter to be thoroughly investigated by Mr Froude, Mr Watts, and the other scientific gentlemen whose sympathies it has enlisted, and while we may look forward hopefully to the obstacles that may now exist being overcome, we may congratulate ourselves that science is in a fair way to effect a means by which not only our sailors will be enabled to fire their guns at sea with infinitely more precision than they have ever been able to do in the past, but also a means by which in passenger ships sea-sickness—one of the most abundant sources of human discomfort, and even misery—will be, at anyrate, considerably lessened.

## A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

### CHAPTER XXI.

FRANCES remembered little of the journey after it was over. She was keenly conscious at the time, if there can be any keen consciousness of a thing which is all vague, which conveys no clear idea. Through the darkness of the night, which came on before she had left the coast she knew, with all those familiar towns gleaming out as she passed—Mentone, Monaco on its headland, the sheltering bays which kept so warm and bright those cities of sickness, of idleness, and pleasure, the palms, the olives, the oranges, the aloe hedges, the roses and heliotropes—there was a confused and breathless sweep of distance, half in the dark, half in the light, the monotonous plains, the lines of poplars, the straight high-roads of France. Paris, where they stayed for a night, was only like a bigger, noisier, vast railway station, to Frances. She had no time, in the hurry of her journey, in the still greater hurry of her thoughts, to realise that here was the scene of that dread Revolution of which she had read with shuddering excitement—that she was driven past the spot where the guillotine was first set up, and through the streets where the tumbrels had rolled, carrying to that dread death the many tender victims, who were all she knew of that great convulsion of history.

Markham, who was so good to her, put his head out of the carriage and pointed to a series

of great windows flashing with light. 'What a pity there's no time,' he said. She asked 'For what?' with the most complete want of comprehension. 'For shopping, of course,' he said, with a laugh. For shopping! She seemed to be unacquainted with the meaning of the words. In the midst of this strange wave of the unknown which was carrying her away, carrying her to a world more unknown still, to suppose that she could pause and think of shopping! The inappropriateness of the suggestion bewildered Frances. Markham, indeed, altogether bewildered her. He was very good to her, attending to her comfort, watchful over her needs in a way which Frances could not have imagined possible. Her father had never been unkind; but it did not occur to him to take care of her. It was she who took care of him. If there was anything forgotten, it was she who got the blame; and when he wanted a book, or his writing-desk, or a rug to put over his knees, he called to his little girl to hand it to him, without the faintest conception that there was anything incongruous in it. And there was nothing incongruous in it. If there is any one in the world whom it is natural to send on your errands, to get you what you want, surely your child is that person. Waring did not think on the subject, but simply did so by instinct, by nature; and equally by instinct Frances obeyed, without a doubt that it was her simplest duty. If Markham had said: 'Get me my book, Frances; dear child, just open that bag—hand me so-and-so,' she would have considered it the most natural thing in the world. What he did do surprised her much more. He tripped in and out of his seat at her smallest suggestion. He pulled up and down the window at her pleasure, never appearing to think that it mattered whether he liked it or not. He took her out carefully on his arm, and made her dine, not asking what she would have, as her father might perhaps have done, but bringing her the best that was to be had, choosing what she should eat, serving her as if she had been the Queen! It contributed to the dizzying effect of the rapid journey that she should thus have been placed in a position so different from any that she had ever known.

And then there came the last stage, the strange leaden-gray stormy sea, which was so unlike those blue ripples that came up just so far—no farther, on the beach at Bordighera. She began to understand what is said in the Bible about the waves that mount up like mountains, when she saw the roll of the Channel. She had always a little wondered what that meant. To be sure, there were storms now and then along the Riviera, when the blue edge to the sea-mantle disappeared, and all became a deep purple, solemn enough for a king's pall, as it has been the pall of so many a brave man; but even that was never like the dangerous threatening lash of the waves along those rocks, and the way in which they raised their awful heads. And was that England, white with a faint line of green, so sodden and damp as it looked, rising out of the sea? The heart of Frances sank: it was not like her anticipations. She had thought there would be something triumphant, grand, about the aspect of England

—something proud, like a monarch of the sea; and it was only a damp, grayish-white line, rising not very far out of those sullen waves. An east wind was blowing with that blighting grayness which here, in the uttermost parts of the earth, we are so well used to: and it was cold. A gleam of pale sun indeed shot out of the clouds from time to time; but there was no real warmth in it, and the effect of everything was depressing. The green fields and hedgerows cheered her a little; but it was all damp, and the sky was gray. And then London, with a roar and noise as if she had fallen into a den of wild beasts, and throngs, multitudes of people at every little station which the quick train flashed past, and on the platform, where at last she arrived dizzy and faint with fatigue and wonderment. But Markham always was more kind than words could say. He sympathised with her, seeing her forlorn looks at everything. He did not ask her how she liked it, what she thought of her native country. When they arrived at last, he found out miraculously, among the crowd of carriages, a quiet, little, dark-coloured brougham, and put her into it. 'We'll trundle off home,' he said, 'you and I, Fan, and let John look after the things; you are so tired you can scarcely speak.'

'Not so much tired,' said Frances, and tried to smile, but could not say any more.

'I understand.' He took her hand into his with the kindest caressing touch. 'You mustn't be frightened, my dear. There's nothing to be frightened about. You'll like my mother.—Perhaps it was silly of me to say that, and make you cry. Don't cry, Fan, or I shall cry too. I am the foolish little beggar, you know, and always do what my companions do. Don't make a fool of your old brother, my dear. There, look out and see what a beastly place old London is, Fan.'

'Don't call me, Fan,' she cried, this slight irritation affording her an excuse for disburdening herself of some of the nervous excitement in her. 'Call me Frances, Markham.'

'Life's too short for a name in two syllables. I've got two syllables myself, that's true; but many fellows call me Mark, and you are welcome to, if you like.—No; I shall call you Fan; you must make up your mind to it.—Did you ever see such murky heavy air? It isn't air at all—it's smoke and animalcule and everything that's dreadful. It's not like that blue stuff on the Riviera, is it?'

'O no!' cried Frances, with fervour. 'But I suppose London is better for some things,' she added with a doubtful voice.

'Better! It's better than any other place on the face of the earth; it's the only place to live in,' said Markham. 'Why, child, it is paradise'—he paused a moment, and then added, 'with pandemonium next door.'

'Markham!' the girl cried.

'I was wrong to mention such a place in your hearing. I know I was. Never mind, Fan; you shall see the one, and you shall know nothing about the other.—Why, here we are in Eaton Square.'

The door flashed open as soon as the carriage stopped, letting out a flood of light and warmth. Markham almost lifted the trembling girl out.

She had got her veil entangled about her head, her arms in the cloak which she had half thrown off. She was not prepared for this abrupt arrival. She seemed to see nothing but the light, to know nothing until she found herself suddenly in some one's arms; then the light seemed to go out of her eyes. Sight had nothing to do with the sensation, the warmth, the softness, the faint rustle, the faint perfume, with which she was suddenly encircled; and for a few moments she knew nothing more.

'Dear, dear, Markham, I hope she is not delicate—I hope she is not given to fainting,' she heard in a disturbed but pleasant voice, before she felt able to open her eyes.

'Not a bit,' said Markham's familiar tones. 'She's overdone, and awfully anxious about meeting you.'

'My poor dear! Why should she be anxious about meeting me?' said the other voice, a voice round and soft, with a plaintive tone in it; and then there came the touch of a pair of lips, soft and caressing like the voice, upon the girl's cheek. She did not yet open her eyes, half because she could not, half because she would not, but whispered in a faint little tentative utterance, 'Mother!' wondering vaguely whether the atmosphere round her, the kiss, the voice, was all the mother she was to know.

'My poor little baby, my little girl! Open your eyes.—Markham, I want to see the colour of her eyes.'

'As if I could open her eyes for you!' cried Markham with a strange outburst of sound, which, if he had been a woman, might have meant crying, but must have been some sort of a laugh, since he was a man. He seemed to walk away, and then came back again. 'Come, Fan! that's enough. Open your eyes, and look at us. I told you there was nothing to be frightened for.'

And then Frances raised herself; for, to her astonishment, she was lying down upon a sofa, and looked round her, bewildered. Beside her stood a little lady, about her own height, with smooth brown hair like hers, with her hands clasped, just as Frances was aware she had herself a custom of clasping her hands. It began to dawn upon her that Constance had said she was very like mamma. This new-comer was beautifully dressed in soft black satin, that did not rustle—that was far, far too harsh a word—but swept softly about her with the faintest pleasant sound; and round her breathed that atmosphere which Frances felt would mean mother to her for ever and ever, an air that was infinitely soft, with a touch in it of some sweetness. Oh, not scent! She rejected the word with disdain—something, nothing, the atmosphere of a mother. In the curious ecstasy in which she was, made up of fatigue, wonder, and the excitement of this astounding plunge into the unknown, that was how she felt.

'Let me look at you, my child.—I can't think of her as a grown girl, Markham. Don't you know she is my baby. She has never grown up, like the rest of you, to me.—Oh, did you never wish for me, little Frances? Did you never want your mother, my darling? Often, often, I have lain awake in the night and cried for you.'

'O mamma!' cried Frances, forgetting her shy-

ness, throwing herself into her mother's arms. The temptation to tell her that she had never known anything about her mother, to excuse herself at her father's expense, was strong. But she kept back the words that were at her lips. 'I have always wanted this all my life,' she cried with a sudden impulse, and laid her head upon her mother's breast, feeling in all the commotion and melting of her heart a consciousness of the accessories, the rich softness of the satin, the delicate perfume, all the details of the new personality by which her own was surrounded on every side.

'Now I see,' cried the new-found mother, 'it was no use parting this child and me, Markham. It is all the same between us—isn't it, my darling?—as if we had always been together—all the same in a moment.—Come up-stairs now, if you feel able, dear one.—Do you think, Markham, she is able to walk up-stairs?'

'Oh, quite able; oh, quite, quite well. It was only for a moment. I was—frightened, I think.'

'But you will never be frightened any more,' said Lady Markham, drawing the girl's arm through her own, leading her away. Frances was giddy still, and stumbled as she went, though she had pledged herself never to be frightened again. She went in a dream up the softly carpeted stairs. She knew what handsome rooms were, the lofty bare grandeur of an Italian palazzo; but all this carpeting and cushioning, the softness, the warmth, the clothed and comfortable look, bewildered her. She could scarcely find her way through the drawing-room, crowded with costly furniture, to the blazing fire, by the side of which stood the tea-table, like, and yet how unlike that anxious copy of English ways which Frances had set up in the loggia. She was conscious, with a momentary gleam of complacency, that her cups and saucers were better, though! not belonging to an ordinary modern set, like these; but, alas, in everything else how far short! Then she was taken up-stairs, through—as she thought—the sumptuous arrangements of her mother's room, to another smaller, which opened from it, and in which there was the same wealth of carpets, curtains, easy-chairs, and writing-tables, in addition to the necessary details of a sleeping-room. Frances looked round it admiringly. She knew nothing about the modern-artistic, though something, a very little, about old art. The painted ceilings and old gilding of the Palazzo—which she began secretly and obstinately to call *home* from this moment forth—were intelligible to her; but she was quite unacquainted with Mr Morris's papers and the art fabrics at Liberty's. She looked at them with admiration, but doubt. She thought the walls 'killed' the pictures that were hung round, which were not like her own little gallery at home, which she had left with a little pang to her sister. 'Is this Constance's room?' she asked timidly, called back to a recollection of Constance, and wondering whether the transfer was to be complete.

'No, my love; it is Frances's room,' said Lady Markham. 'It has always been ready for you. I expected you to come some time. I have always hoped that; but I never thought that Con would desert me.' Her voice faltered a little, which instantly touched Frances's heart.

'I asked,' she said, 'not just out of curiosity,



but because, when she came to us, I gave her my room. Our rooms are not like these; they have very few things in them. There are no carpets; it is warmer there, you know; but I thought she would find the blue room so bare, I gave her mine.'

Lady Markham smiled upon her, and said, but with a faint, the very faintest indication of being less interested than Frances was: 'You have not many visitors, I suppose?'

'Oh, none!' cried Frances. 'I suppose we are—rather poor. We are not—like this.'

'My darling! you don't know how to speak to me, your own mother! What do you mean, dear, by *we*? You must learn to mean something else by *we*. Your father, if he had chosen, might have had—all that you see, and more. And Constance— But we will say nothing more to-night on that subject.—This is Con's room, see, on the other side of mine. It was always my fancy, my hope, some time to have my two girls, one on each side.'

Frances followed her mother to the room on the other side with great interest. It was still more luxurious than the one appropriated to herself—more comfortable, as a room which has been occupied, which shows traces of its tenant's tastes and likings, must naturally be; and it was brighter, occupying the front of the house, while that of Frances' looked to the side. She glanced round at all the fittings and decorations, which, to her unaccustomed eyes, were so splendid. 'Poor Constance!' she said under her breath.

'Why do you say poor Constance?' said Lady Markham, with something sharp and sudden in her tone. And then she, too, said regretfully: 'Poor Con! You think it will be disappointing to her, this other life which she has chosen. Was it—dreary for you, my poor child?'

Then there rose up in the tranquil mind of Frances a kind of tempest-blast of opposition and resentment. 'It is the only life I know—it was—everything I liked best,' she cried. The first part of the sentence was very firmly, almost aggressively said. In the second, she wavered, hesitated, changed the tense—it *was*. She did not quite know herself what the change meant.

Lady Markham looked at her with a penetrating gaze. 'It was—everything you knew, my little Frances. I understand you, my dear. You will not be disloyal to the past. But to Constance, who does not know it, who knows something else— Poor Con! I understand. But she will have to pay for her experience, like all the rest.'

Frances had been profoundly agitated, but in the way of happiness. She did not feel happy now. She felt disposed to cry, not because of the relief of tears, but because she did not know how else to express the sense of contrariety, of disturbance that had got into her mind. Was it that already a wrong note had sounded between herself and this unknown mother, whom it had been a rapture to see and touch? Or was it only that she was tired? Lady Markham saw the condition into which her nerves and temper were strained. She took her back tenderly into her room. 'My dear,' she said, 'if you would rather not, don't change your dress. Do just as you please to-night. I would stay and help you, or I would send Josephine, my maid, to help

you; but I think you will prefer to be left alone and quiet.'

'O yes,' cried Frances with fervour; then she added hastily: 'If you do not think me disagreeable to say so.'

'I am not prepared to think anything in you disagreeable, my dear,' said her mother, kissing her—but with a sigh. This sigh Frances echoed in a burst of tears when the door closed and she found herself alone—alone, quite alone, more so than she had ever been in her life, she whispered to herself, in the shock of the unreasonable and altogether fantastic disappointment which had followed her ecstasy of pleasure. Most likely it meant nothing at all but the reaction from that too highly raised level of feeling.

'No; I am not disappointed,' Lady Markham was saying down-stairs. She was standing before the genial blaze of the fire, looking into it with her head bent and a serious expression on her face. 'Perhaps I was too much delighted for a moment; and she too, poor child, now that she has looked at me a second time, she is a little, just a little disappointed in me. That's rather hard for a mother, you know; or I suppose you don't know.'

'I never was a mother,' said Markham. 'I should think it's very natural. The little thing has been forming the most romantic ideas. If you had been an angel from heaven'—

'Which I am not,' she said with a smile, still looking into the fire.

'Heaven be praised,' said Markham. 'In that case, you would not have suited me, which you do, mammy, you know, down to the ground.'

She gave a half-glance at him, a half-smile, but did not disturb the chain of her reflections. 'That's something, Markham,' she said.

'Yes; it's something. On my side, it is a great deal. Don't go too fast with little Fan. She has a deal in her. Have a little patience, and let her settle down her own way.'

'I don't feel sure that she has not got her father's temper; I saw something like it in her eyes.'

'That is nonsense, begging your pardon. She has got nothing of her father in her eyes. Her eyes are like yours, and so is everything about her. My dear mother, Con's like Waring, if you like. This one is of our side of the house.'

'Do you really think so?' Lady Markham looked up now and laid her hand affectionately upon his shoulder, and laughed. 'But, my dear boy, you are as like the Markhams as you can look. On my side of the house, there is nobody at all, unless, as you say'—

'Frances,' said the little man. 'I told you—the best of the lot. I took to her in a moment by that very token. Therefore, don't go too fast with her, mother. She has her own notions. She is as staunch as a little—Turk,' said Markham, using the first word that offered. When he met his mother's eye, he retired a little, with the air of a man who does not mean to be questioned; which naturally stimulated curiosity in her mind.

'How have you found out that she is staunch, Markham?'

'Oh, in half-a-dozen ways,' he answered carelessly. 'And she will stick to her father through thick and thin, so mind what you say.'

Then Lady Markham began to bemoan herself a little gently, before the fire, in the most luxurious of easy-chairs.

'Was ever woman in such a position,' she said, 'to be making acquaintance, for the first time, at eighteen, with my own daughter, and to have to pick my words and to be careful what I say?'

'Well, mammy,' said Markham, 'it might have been worse. Let us make the best of it. He has always kept his word, which is something, and has never annoyed you. And it is quite a nice thing for Con to have him to go to, to find out how dull it is, and know her own mind. And now we've got the other one too.'

Lady Markham still rocked herself a little in her chair, and put her handkerchief to her eyes. 'For all that, it is very hard, both on her and me,' she said.

#### THE FISHERIES OF ICELAND.

ICELAND, though not, as the name would imply, and as many people suppose, a land covered with ice, a huge mass of glaciers, only diversified by the appearance here and there of a few burning mountains and boiling springs, is by no means a fruitful country. Large tracts of the interior are really barren, being covered either by snow-clad mountains or by lava wastes and plains of volcanic sand and ashes. The fertile parts of the country—though they yield rich pastures, and support large flocks of sheep and herds of ponies, besides considerable numbers of cattle, the rearing of which gives occupation and sustenance to nearly one-half of the population, and though by more energetic and economical cultivation their value might be doubled or trebled—do not and never will play such an important part in the existence and prosperity of the Icelanders as does the sea which washes their shores. It is in the sea, with its boundless and inexhaustible stores of life, that the real wealth of Iceland lies; and though the land products have been, and always will be, a considerable factor in the prosperity of the Icelanders, the chief source of their future progress must be the development of the fisheries. The principal of these is at present the cod-fishery. Immense numbers of cod and haddock are caught every year round the coasts of Iceland. The greater part is salted and exported, chiefly to Spain; a smaller portion is air-dried, and in this condition it forms a staple article of food in the country, the inland inhabitants travelling every summer long distances to the coast to secure their supplies of dried fish. Comparatively little cod is dried, as it brings a better price when salted; but haddock, halibut, skate, lump-suckers, and cod-heads form the bulk of the dried product. Enormous numbers of cod-heads are dried. In this condition they form a highly valued and much-sought-after article of food, though the economy of their use may be doubted, especially when the consumer has to fetch them from a long distance with considerable expenditure of time and labour. The fishing population live for the most part on fish, fresh and dried—the salted product being almost entirely reserved for export—so that about one-half of the total catch of fish is consumed in the country.

Fishing is carried on more or less all the year; but the *vertid* (pronounced *vertith*)—the fishing season proper—commences about the beginning of February. Then, in addition to the regular fishermen, great numbers of landmen come from all parts of the country to pursue that industry. In many landward districts, almost all the able-bodied men go on foot to the coast, leaving the care of the farms and animals to the women, boys, and old men. They often travel long distances, and their journeys are at that inclement season attended with not a little difficulty and danger. Arrived at the coast, they join with the regular fishermen in forming boats' crews, varying in number from six to twelve or fifteen men, each boat being under the command of an experienced hand, the *formadur* (pronounced *fór-mathur*) or foreman. Besides these large boats, smaller craft, manned by two or four men, are used; but these, as a rule, fish near the land.

The spring fishing is carried on chiefly by means of hand-lines; long lines are used at other times of the year; but the use of them during the *vertid* is considered inadvisable; and in the Faxa Floa—the great bay on the south-west of Iceland, which is the chief seat of the cod-fishing—nets are also employed; their use, however, is not permitted before the 15th of March, as it is believed that laying nets earlier may hinder the fish from entering the bays and fiords, and possibly drive them away altogether. The owner of the boat provides the lines and hooks, and generally the nets also, when these are used, in which case he gets half the entire catch, the other half being divided equally among the crew; otherwise, the catch is divided into equal shares, one to each man, and one, or two, to the boat, according to its size. This division takes place at once on landing, and the fish are forthwith gutted and laid in salt. The heads and sounds (swimming-bladders) are cleaned and dried, and the livers and roes collected in barrels. After the fish have lain in salt for a period varying according to the nature of the weather and the convenience of the fishermen, they are washed in sea-water, to remove the excess of salt, piled in heaps to drain, and then alternately spread in the sun to dry, and pressed in heaps, covered by boards weighted with heavy stones, until the curing is complete. This process requires considerable time and great care in all its details. Much skill and experience are required to turn out good salt fish.

When cured, the fish, if not immediately exported, must be carefully stored in wind and weather tight houses, as damp and draughts exercise a deteriorating effect upon them. There are no professional curers; the curing is almost entirely done at home, each fisherman, with the assistance of his family, curing his own share, and selling it to the merchants. By so doing, the fishers provide occupation for their women and children, and get a better price than they would if they sold the fish fresh. But it is certain that if the fish were cured on a large scale by professional curers, a better article would be produced. Fish intended for export to Spain must be of a certain size and quality, and are examined before shipment by skilled men appointed for the purpose by the authorities, who reject all that do not come up to the

standard. The rejected fish, along with small cod and haddocks, which are less valued than large cod, go for the most part to England, Denmark, and Germany. Of the other parts of the fish above mentioned, the heads and the sounds are carefully dried, the former being, as before stated, used for food in the country; while the latter are exported and made into gelatine and isinglass. The roes are salted, and exported to France and the Mediterranean, where they are used as bait in the sardine-fishery. The livers are collected and the oil extracted, first in the cold, and then by the aid of heat; the oil obtained by the latter process being coarser and of less value. As the livers are generally kept till more or less putrid before extraction, and as the whole process is extremely rough, the oil obtained is of inferior quality; hence little or no pure cod-liver oil is prepared in Iceland. The bones and offal of the fish, instead of being collected and made into fish-guano, as in Norway, are allowed to lie and rot on the beach, though a few of the more thrifty fishermen collect them to manure their fields and vegetable gardens.

The life the men lead during the fishing season is hard and toilsome in the extreme. Owing to the large numbers who come from the country, there is a very dense population on the coast during the fishing-time. The writer knows of an isolated fishing-station which affords a permanent home for some twenty-four souls, but during the fishing season has to accommodate over three hundred. The men sleep in rude huts or bothies of stone and turf, seldom weather-tight, live on the coarsest fare, and are often insufficiently clad for the rigorous weather they have to encounter, though, when at sea, they usually wear a complete wind and water tight suit of untanned sheepskin. When the fishing is good, they are almost constantly on the sea, only allowing themselves the shortest possible time for sleep and food on shore. Frequently they are surprised by sudden storms; and though their seamanship is excellent, and their boats, considering their small size and fragility, are wonderfully seaworthy, every year adds to the list of losses by drowning. They work, as a rule, extremely hard during the season, and with reason, for a good fisher may make as much in a good season as will keep him during the rest of the year.

In the middle of May, the boat-fishing closes, at least as far as the landmen are concerned, and they return to their farms. The fishermen proper, however, continue their pursuit; and now the smack-fishing begins. Smacks can of course fish with advantage during the whole boat-fishing season; but it is impossible to obtain crews sooner, as the men prefer the ordinary boats during the former period. The vessels vary in size from twenty to fifty tons, and are generally sloops or schooners. They are mostly old vessels bought cheap; English pleasure-yachts, Grimsby smacks, and French luggers, are not uncommon. They carry twelve to twenty men, including the captain, mate, and cook, all of whom take a hand at the lines. They fish entirely by hand-line, and each man marks every fish he draws, so that at the end of the fishing each man's catch can be recognised and separated. The vessels go out with salt for a full catch and

three or four weeks' provisions; and return when full, or sooner, if necessitated by weather or want of food or salt. They gut and salt the fish as caught, preserving the livers, sounds, and roes, and the heads also, when practicable. On returning from each trip, the fish are landed, washed, and cured as above described, by the owner of the vessel or the merchant with whom he deals. It is probably owing to the fish being thus cured on a large scale and by experienced hands, that the smack salt fish are generally esteemed a better quality than the product of the boat-fishing.

At the close of the fishing, each man's catch is weighed separately, and along with the proportionate quantity of livers, sounds, and roes, is divided into two equal parts, the fisher getting one, and the owner of the ship the other. The fisher receives from the owner, merchant, or curer the market value of his share, after deduction of curing expenses. The owner supplies the lines and hooks, and provides the men with one warm meal daily, and coffee thrice a day; for the rest, they feed themselves. The captain, mate, and cook get their rations free; the two former have in addition various perquisites, the captain generally getting a premium of two *kroner* (two shillings and threepence) per hundred fish.

The advantages of smack-fishing over boat-fishing are universally admitted, and only the want of the necessary capital prevents the Icelanders from increasing their fleet of fishing-vessels. They pay, as a rule, extremely well. As an instance, one small vessel, costing about two hundred pounds, 'paid herself' the first season she was used, though it was only an average season. The smacks can follow the fish from place to place, while the range of the small open boats is necessarily very limited. The former can lie on the fishing-grounds and even fish in stormy weather, when the boats are unable to put to sea for days and weeks at a time; they also avoid the waste of time and labour involved in rowing to and from the fishing-ground every day. Their crews are less exposed to the weather and to the perils of the deep; and their fish are subjected to more careful treatment than those caught by the small boats. The French carry on a very large fishery from smacks round the coast of Iceland, their average catch being considerably more than the total fishing of the Icelanders; and English, Faroese, and Norwegian smacks also take a large share of the Iceland fishing. It is computed that if the Icelanders used smacks instead of small boats, employing the same number of men as at present, their annual catch would be increased fivefold. Hand-lines alone are used on Icelandic smacks; but if they carried two or three small boats, long lines—to which hundreds of baited hooks are attached—and nets could be used with equal facility when advisable. One advantage which the open boats possess, independently of the small amount of capital sunk in them, is that they can be landed and drawn up on the beach when not in use; while smacks can only be secured in a harbour. But there are a sufficient number of excellent natural harbours round the coasts of Iceland to provide both havens of refuge in stormy weather and ports in which to lay up the smacks when not in use.

Altogether, it is evident that by the employment

of small vessels instead of open boats the cod-fishery of Iceland may be enormously and profitably increased and developed. But besides this, there are many other matters connected with the fishery which are capable of vast improvement. Although salt fish will doubtless always remain the chief and most suitable form for export, there seems to be no reason why some of the fish should not be sent fresh to the English markets, either alive in welled vessels, or, what is evidently more practicable, frozen, packed in ice, or in refrigerators. The export of fresh cod and halibut in ice from the Faroes to England has already been commenced; and a similar experiment is likely soon to be tried in Iceland. The latter country has the advantage that there the necessary ice can be obtained on the spot at little cost, while it must be imported to the Faroes at considerable expense; and as Iceland is only three and a half days' direct steaming from the United Kingdom, the distance offers no great obstacle. Something might also be done in the way of smoking and kipping the fish. It is the more desirable that a new market for Iceland fish should be opened up, as the increasing importation of salt cod from France to Spain is somewhat affecting the export from Iceland to the Spanish market.

Besides the fish themselves, the other products of the fishery could be worked up to much greater advantage than is done at present. By more skillful treatment and the use of better apparatus, a purer and more valuable quality of oil, as well as a larger quantity, could be obtained from the livers; while the bones and other refuse might be made into a valuable manure, as they are in Norway, Newfoundland, Shetland, and elsewhere.

Altogether, the Iceland cod-fishery presents a fine opening for foreign enterprise and capital. The natives have neither the means nor the energy necessary for its proper development. As an example of their backwardness in this respect, it may be mentioned that Iceland was practically unrepresented at the Fisheries Exhibition in London. It is from abroad, and preferably from England, that the impulse and the means must come; and if properly applied, they will not fail to yield a rich return to the investors, and at the same time confer a great and lasting benefit on the country.

The herring-fishery on the coasts of Iceland may be said as yet to be only in its infancy; but we do not enter upon the subject here, as we have already had an article dealing with it (Nov. 4, 1882).

Shark-fishing is carried on to a considerable extent, especially on the north and west coasts of Iceland, both decked vessels and open boats being used in this fishery. The species of shark caught is the *Squalus carcharias*, and it is pursued solely for the sake of the oil yielded by the liver, the rest of the carcase being usually thrown away, though sometimes the flesh is preserved for food. The sharks vary much in size, running up to eighteen or twenty feet in length, and four to five feet in diameter through the thickest part of the body, the yield of oil from each liver varying from four or five up to fifty gallons. Rich livers yield two-thirds of their bulk of oil, poor ones only about one-half. The vessels used in shark-fishing are for the most part small schooners of thirty to fifty tons burden, manned by eight or

ten men. The usual fishing season is from January or February till August. During the winter months, the sharks frequent shallower waters, and are found about twenty miles from land, in fifty fathoms of water or thereabouts; in summer, they seek deeper waters, and are caught one hundred miles or so off the coast in a depth of two hundred fathoms. It having been ascertained by sounding that the ship lies in water of a suitable depth, preferably with a sloping soft mud bottom, the vessel is anchored, and fishing commences. The hook used is twelve or eighteen inches long, baited with seal-blubber and horse-flesh, weighted with an eight-pound sinker, and attached by a couple of yards of strong chain to an inch and a half line. The hook is allowed to hang motionless about a couple of fathoms from the bottom. As a rule, the sharks are shy of taking the bait at first, and the fishers may wait long for their first bite; but once the sharks commence to 'take,' they crowd to the spot, and may be hooked in quick succession; they then take the bait greedily and with little caution.

It often happens that a shark which has slipped off the hook after being drawn up to the ship's side and harpooned, takes the bait again after a short interval, and is drawn up with the harpoons sticking in its body. As soon as the shark reaches the surface, harpoons and lances are struck into it and the spinal column cut. Large hooks are fixed into the body, and chains passed round it; and thus secured, it is cut open and the liver removed. Formerly, it was customary, after taking the livers, to fasten the bodies astern of the vessel, thus attracting other sharks to the surface, which were harpooned as they rose to feed on their dead comrades. Now, the bodies are generally cast loose after the liver has been removed; and sinking to the bottom, they attract other sharks to the spot, thus enabling the vessel to lie and fish for a longer time without changing its position. Some fishers, however, say that if the bodies are allowed to sink, the sharks which flock to the spot gorge themselves to such an extent on the carcases that they lie dormant and decline the bait for weeks afterwards. Whether this view be correct or not, it at least commands so much credence, that it has been proposed to forbid by law the slipping of dead sharks at sea, on the ground that doing so tends to spoil the fishing. This enactment, however, has not as yet passed into law, and it would prove very difficult to enforce it.

Though the bodies of sharks caught by the decked vessels are usually thrown away, as it would be impossible to preserve them for the long period during which the ships are at sea, those caught by open boats, which, as a rule, only lie a few hours at sea, are frequently brought on shore and used for food, after being subjected to the following treatment: the entrails and cartilages are removed, the bodies buried in the earth or sand, and carefully covered over, to exclude the air. In this state they lie for a period of not less than twelve months, often considerably more, during which time a partial decomposition takes place, resulting in the dissipation of deleterious matters which render the fresh shark unwholesome, if not poisonous. When this change is



complete, the shark is dug up, sometimes slightly pressed, to get rid of part of the juices, and then cut into long strips, which are hung up in the air, and sheltered from rain, until thoroughly wind-dried. The shark is then fit for use, and is esteemed a great delicacy by connoisseurs. It is not unpalatable, though somewhat highly flavoured; but generally its powerful odour deters the uninitiated from tasting it.

The livers are brought ashore and stored in vats till the solid matters have settled to the bottom; after which the more fluid portion is melted in iron pots over an open fire. The oil thus obtained is more or less dark-coloured, according to the degree of decomposition which the liver has suffered before melting, and the temperature to which it has been subjected. By this process the liver yields about two-thirds its bulk of a coarse and not very savoury oil. A shark-oil refinery can generally be detected by its odour at a considerable distance off. Of late years, refining by steam has come considerably into use, and the liver is taken as fresh as possible. By this means a finer, lighter-coloured, and less odorous oil is obtained, though the yield is less. The bodies, too, always contain a considerable quantity of oil, which could probably be extracted by pressure or other means, and the residual mass made into manure.

The crews of vessels engaged in shark-fishing are paid about fifty-five shillings a month, with a premium of sixpence per barrel of liver. The captain gets two shillings and threepence per barrel on the first hundred barrels of the season's catch, and three shillings and fourpence per barrel on the remainder.

Shark-fishing in the winter months is a somewhat dangerous pursuit, owing to the frequency of storms and the brief daylight. The decked vessels often encounter very rough weather, and have sometimes been lost, while open boats are naturally subjected to much greater risks. Of this we had not long ago a melancholy instance, when three boats engaged in shark-fishing in the Faxa Fiord were lost in one day, their crews, amounting in all to thirty men, perishing. The use of open boats is consequently diminishing, and the number of decked vessels increasing as rapidly as the limited means of the Icelanders will permit. Shark-fishing is a decidedly remunerative industry, and may be made still more profitable by the use of better craft and appliances, and by improvements in the method of extraction, and consequently in the quality of the oil.

## A TRADITION OF COTTLEY HALL.

### CHAPTER I.—COTTLEY HALL AND ITS MASTER.

THE wind is high to-night. An enthusiast in spiritualistic fancies, or a dreamer of dreams, needs but to seat himself by the great fireplace of Cottley Hall and listen to the rumbling noise which resounds in that capacious chimney, and he would forthwith be supplied with food for mental imagination to his heart's content. Into Cottley Hall—where everything is either too small or too large, and inconvenient to the utmost extent which human ingenuity could possibly make it—it would be hard for

the most commonplace individual to enter without experiencing a spice of uncanny romance. If odd corners, twisting stairs, and a wealth of carved panelling could render it a thing of beauty in the eyes of the artist and the romancer, Cottley Hall was a gem of its class, of the first water. A noticeable fact about the large draughty rooms was that the favoured mortals who gathered round the great wood-fires which blazed therein at winter-time experienced agreeable sensations of extreme chilliness on one side and overpowering heat on the other. All the bedsteads were of a large old-fashioned type, though these gigantic four-posters looked but strange atoms compared with the enormous rooms in which they were located, the approach to them being mostly across a long uneven floor, upon which bygone-shaped articles of furniture appeared few and far between. Across the doors of these apartments were drawn pieces of antiquated tapestry, worked with divers representations of Solomon and the Children of Israel, all habited in a sort of semi-Roman attire. The window-casements were uniformly filled with glass of a ghastly green colour, which when penetrated by the sun's rays, imparted an unwholesome and mildevery character to the countenances of the Wise King and his contemporaries.

The unwary stranger who ventured into the upper regions of Cottley Hall without a guide speedily found himself involved in a labyrinth of passages and turnings which seldom failed to reduce him to great straits before being extricated therefrom. Between the roof and the third floor was a dreary wilderness of attics, seldom entered by the domestic element—not that they believed in the inevitable ghost supposed to haunt these regions, but because the numerous low intersecting beams rendered locomotion somewhat unsafe. In many places the walls were graced with ancient wooden-faced family portraits, which caused not a little discomfort to visitors who found themselves for the first time the object of their dull expressionless gaze.

The strange exaggerated figures of Solomon and the Israelites have caught but little sunshine lately, owing to a long spell of overcast sky, the few fitful rays that have lighted on Cottley Hall being insufficiently strong to penetrate its thick glazed windows. To-night, the tapestry flaps drearily, for a stiff gale is blowing across country, and cold currents of air find their way into the huge deserted rooms. The tall timber-trees surrounding the park are creaking and bending to the blast; but the sturdy gables of Cottley Hall stand firm as the day when they were built. Just such a wild night as this closed upon the 6th of September 1651, three days after the sanguinary and decisive battle of Worcester. Hugh Everett was owner of the Hall at that time, a zealous Parliamentary speaker of high reputation. It was not by strength of arm or by mighty deeds of valour that Master Everett had gained unto himself those honours which had procured him the fat and fair manor of Cottley; from his childhood up the Republican had seldom enjoyed good health, his capabilities fitting him rather for a statesman than a soldier, while at the same time his inclinations were more of a civil than of a military character. The 'desperate and cruel Malignant,' Sir John Rossey, from whom this

wealthy patrimonial estate had been alienated since the fatal field of Naseby, closed the long line of his family by getting shot through the head at Rowton Moor; and now Master Everett reigned in his stead, more secure in his position than the hot-headed knight had latterly been, but none the less looked upon by his numerous tenants as a usurper and a pleasure-hating upstart.

Cottley Hall is black and silent, and its chimneys and gables point darkly to the sky. The place might well appear deserted, for no light is to be seen in its many windows, and no response is made to show that the inhabitants are aware of that hollow knocking at the front door. Said knocking continues at intervals, but at length grows desultory and faint, though the wind howls unceasingly amongst the great Cottley elms, making noise enough to drown twenty such feeble sounds. Out of sight at the back of the building, partly obscured by overhanging masses of ivy, a single light proceeds from a small mullioned window opening upon the library of the Hall. This is Master Everett's favourite retreat, and here he sits, surrounded by books and pamphlets bearing such interesting titles as *A Fan to purge the Threshing-floore*, and *A Seed sown upon Goode Grounde*, together with the bitterly malevolent and better-known treatise upon the *Unloveliness of Love-locks*. Hugh Everett's age does not exceed thirty-five years, but a troubled harassing life has given him the appearance of a man of fifty. Short scattered gray hairs, sharp features, and a thin stooping figure, are his principal characteristics, the extreme plainness of his countenance being fully equalled by that of his dress. The Master of Cottley is poring over a leather-bound collection of sermons, and though apparently engrossed in his occupation, he is nevertheless in an unusually absent frame of mind. He has not altered his position for nearly an hour, neither has he attempted to turn a leaf; there is something in the lonely howling of the wind to-night which reminds him of his half-forgotten school-days. Although his eyes are fixed upon that printed page before him, Hugh Everett's thoughts are far away in the remote past, looking back with a sorrowful yearning towards scenes and faces which were familiar to him long before these troubles came upon the land.

#### CHAPTER II.—AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR.

Things had remained in this state, as we have said, for nearly an hour, when, chancing to raise his head, Master Everett's wandering gaze encountered a silent figure standing at the other end of the room. Though but faintly seen by the lamp's dim uncertain light, there was something about the face he seemed to recognise, and he sat spell-bound for a moment before starting from his chair. The spell was broken by a forward movement on the part of the apparition, and Everett raised a fearful cry, which was instantly choked by the application of a palpably human hand to his mouth. Easily mastered in the ensuing scuffle, the Republican sank back and glared fiercely at his detainer, while his breath came thick and short.

'Hugh Everett,' exclaimed the unwelcome intruder who stood over him, 'do you not know me?'

The scattered recollections in Everett's mind slowly pieced themselves together, and he answered after a pause: 'I do now.'

'That's one to my score then,' said the individual with a short laugh. 'What are you afraid of?'

'Nothing, Walter Cunningham, nothing,' answered Everett, controlling his agitation by a great effort. 'Yet you have sought me in a strange fashion.'

'And if I have, friend Hughie,' said the newcomer, 'that counts for nothing, does it? I am in trouble, and have come to you for help. Old friendship should bind us, if I ought else; and were I now in your place—though, heaven knows, I don't wish to be—you should have it for the asking.'

'How did you enter the house?' inquired Everett, whose under-current of thought would scarcely allow him to follow what the other said.

'My conscience pricked me somewhat as to the matter of creeping in,' quoth Cunningham; 'but when a house keeps bolt and bar so stubbornly as yours does, one must take some liberties in extremis.'

'What trouble are you in? Why do you come here?' asked Everett nervously. 'Have you joined in any fresh broil, to disturb the peace of this unhappy country?'

'Peace! unhappy broils!' ejaculated Cunningham. 'What are you talking about? Can it be possible that you have not heard of Worcester fight?'

The Master passed his slim hand across his forehead and answered in a husky, perturbed voice: 'Many rumours have I heard of late—rumours of war and strange tales of battle, but little did I wot that Walter Cunningham was concerned therein.'

'He was, and he glories in it!' exclaimed his companion with sudden enthusiasm. 'Hast ever heard, Hugh, of any man being possessed with a fighting demon? I was that day.—Oh, ye powers! give me such another before I die, and I shall leave this world content! Down went Hamilton, down went Maurice and Maffey, before those fanatics; yet throughout the medley I bore a charmed life. My cloak was riddled with bullets—see that shot-hole in my hat—yet not a wound, not a scratch. Could such a day again fall to my lot, I should well nigh esteem myself invincible!' The Cavalier, who had been gesticulating wildly throughout the whole of this disconnected speech, threw himself back in the chair and set his teeth with a sardonic grin.

Hugh Everett's blood was up; his thin bent frame trembled partly with nervous eagerness and partly with anger while he listened to the fugitive's discourse; but now his powerful voice, which had been so often raised in behalf of his party, broke forth like a deep enraged roar: 'And it is thus thou boastest in thy strength and thy unrighteous cause! What can have prompted thee, thou stirrer-up of strife, to venture hither with thy evil, self-exalting tale; hast thou no fear in thrusting thy head into the very lion's mouth?'

This sudden outburst produced no effect whatever upon Cunningham; he crossed one leg

over the other, looked Everett straight in the face, and answered sturdily: 'Not a jot.'

The Master of Cottley Hall rested his chin on his hand and regarded the Cavalier fixedly. Bold speaker and diplomatist as he might be, the Republican knew that here he had met his match. Contending passions might urge him to speak harshly, but he felt that to do his old friend a wilful injury was foreign to his nature. No one could be better aware of this than Walter Cunningham, and certainly no one could have turned the opportunity to advantage with greater coolness or sagacity. For a few minutes the Cavalier's glittering eyes watched his companion's measured movements as he paced across the floor; and then leaning back again, he quietly said: 'You have two roads to choose from, my good friend: there is no other alternative; either hide me or give me up; the prospect of capture will not induce me to move another step to-night.'

'To-night,' echoed Everett, stopping short in his walk. 'Are you indeed so hard pressed?'

'My present action will answer that question,' said Cunningham. 'Fleetwood holds Daventry, and his troopers are scouring the country like bloodhounds in search of poor hunted wretches like myself.'

'Have you fasted long?' asked Everett. 'Are you an-hungered?'

'As much as a man may be who has not tasted food since yesterday at mid-day,' replied the fugitive.

Everett opened a corner cupboard and placed a loaf, a leather flask, and drinking glass before the Cavalier. 'Bread and wine I can give you here,' he said. 'To call for better fare might be dangerous. Fortunate it is that none of my household saw you enter.'

'Fortunate, say you?' said Cunningham with a meaning smile, as he uncorked the flask. 'So be it, then, my lad.—Here's to King Charles!' he added, extending his hand.

'The Young Man,' exclaimed Everett quickly.

'His Majesty—God bless him!' retorted Cunningham, tossing off a deep draught.

Hugh Everett turned sharply round and walked towards the window. Events had taken a strangely unpleasant turn with him this evening, and his position could scarcely be called a comfortable one. Walter Cunningham, on the other hand, ate and drank in a most unconcerned manner, for, despite his evident distress, there was an air of careless license about the Cavalier which ill became the puritanical atmosphere of Master Everett's study. The meal was soon over; and Cunningham turned towards the motionless figure at the window.

#### CHAPTER III.—THE 'PRIEST-HOLE.'

'Rouse yourself, Hughie,' said the fugitive. 'Hast got a touch of the megrims?'

'Walter Cunningham,' returned Everett, looking up, 'one thing can I esteem myself fortunate in, that I have received this visitation to-night. Left alone to myself for lengthy periods, my morbid imagination feeds upon itself and stagnates the very blood within me.'

'Your discourse sounds mighty well, friend Hugh,' said Cunningham, for the first time

showing some impatience; 'but it will not save me from Fleetwood's troopers. Is there no secret hole or corner where I can hide till the pursuit slackens? I have no fancy to be made the mark for a firing-party in your courtyard just yet.'

'Stay, stay!' exclaimed Everett, pressing his hand to his forehead. 'I do remember me now of some such place like unto what you allude.'

'Well,' said Walter, 'so much the better for me. Let us see to this matter at once.'

The Master laid hold upon the lamp with a trembling hand and glanced irresolutely round the room. Cunningham's eyes turned in the same direction until they rested on a mass of carved woodwork situated in one portion of the panelling.

'What is the place you speak of?' asked the uninformed visitor, as his companion crossed over to this spot and appeared to busily examine it by aid of the light which he carried.

'Hold thou the lamp, and I will tell thee,' said Everett, stooping down upon the floor. 'It is said that when this house of Cottley was first built, the luxurious family of Rossey caused certain large kitchens to be constructed underground. Thus it came to pass that when that evil-doer and imager of mischief, Sir John, devoted himself to unlawful state-service, his yearly revenues were insufficient to maintain that example of debauchery and gluttony for which he was well known. The approaches to these kitchens were consequently bricked up, smaller substitutes being used as more convenient, and more adapted to the outlay of his limited income. Cottley Hall at length changed hands; and it was during the execution of some needful repairs that a working-man accidentally touched a spring concealed amongst these carvings, letting fall a cunningly contrived panel. An entry being effected, it was found that behind the wall there existed one of the great chimneys rising from the disused kitchens. Across its aperture extended a single sooty beam, leading to a small recess on the other side. I myself believed this to be a "priest-hole" which had probably been used during the times of the Catholic persecution; but having no desire that this panel should remain open to gratify the curious, I ordered it to be closed up and left *in statu quo*, little thinking that I might one day have occasion to use it. How little can we guess the future!'

'Cannot you remember how the spring worked?' demanded Cunningham.

'Can' you remember everything that crossed your eyes six years ago?' returned the other fretfully. 'I trow not.'

The examination continued for some minutes without success, Cunningham meanwhile keeping perfectly silent, listening to the howling of the wind amongst the great Cottley elms without.

'Hugh Everett,' he said suddenly, starting up and coming to an attitude of rigid attention, 'what is that noise?'

The Master shook his head.

'I need scarcely ask,' continued Cunningham. 'I have been too long a soldier to mistake a bugle call. If that panel is not opened quickly, there may chance to be some murderous work here this night.'

'What a frightful emergency!' was the exclamation of Everett, who had not ceased to pass his fingers over the mass of carved work affixed to the panelling. 'You cannot, you dare not offer any resistance.'

'Bethink you, Hugh Everett,' said the Cavalier grimly, as he touched the hilt of his rapier. 'Have you lived so long in this world and yet cannot guess what a desperate man dare do?'

Everett's face turned white as chalk; but the smothered moan which broke from his lips was quickly followed by a cry of joy. 'I have found it!' he exclaimed. 'The panel yields!'

Coming to his aid, Cunningham pushed a portion of the wainscoting on one side, discovering a dark cavernous aperture.

'Enter; be not afraid,' said Everett, holding up the lamp and throwing its light upon the blackened walls of the chimney. 'Cross that log of wood which you see, but trust not to it overmuch. On the other side is the "priest-hole."—Stay a moment. Take this other flask with you. I will let you out when the danger is past.'

Cunningham entering, placed one foot upon the thin worm-eaten beam and faltered.

'Quick!' cried Everett, for an unmistakable sound now smote upon his ears.

Steadying himself as he was best able, Cunningham passed over the yawning pit in safety and gained a ledge on the other side. The panel closed hurriedly, and through the thick darkness came a muffled sound of knocking.

'I faith,' thought the hunted man, as he groped his way into the priest-hole, 'I cannot say much for the hiding-places of the Catholics. Admirable as places of concealment they may be; but their accommodation is detestable.'

The priest-hole was a diminutive apartment, or rather recess, contrived in the thickness of the outer wall, and aired by a loophole which admitted an unpleasantly strong draught. A low stone seat occupied one end of the little place, and upon this Cunningham seated himself to wait with praiseworthy patience.

#### CHAPTER IV.—SUSPICIONS.

'I am mighty glad to think that you are no Malignant harbourer, Master Everett. Never mind a tough test for character, sir; it's terribly dry work while it lasts. With your permission, my men here shall broach a cask of ale or strong waters wherewithal to refresh themselves in the kitchen.'

The speaker, an athletic man of middle stature, was an officer in charge of a small body of Parliamentary troopers who had invaded the sanctity of Cottle Hall at this singularly inopportune time. A more unprepossessing individual than Major Brand—by which name the officer had introduced himself to Everett—it would have been difficult to find; he was a bandy-legged, black-browed enthusiast, with an offensive guttural voice, and a dark ragged mustache. Yet, in spite of his personal disadvantages, the Republican officer commanded a large degree of respect, being an excellent specimen of that energetic class of people who mount by sheer dogged perseverance over their fellow-creatures' shoulders. His deep-set, lynx-like eyes were remarkably piercing; and

Hugh Everett, already much unnerved, felt himself quite unequal to the task of retaining his composure while subjected to their scrutiny. Slightly bowing his head, ostensibly in deference to military authority, but in reality to hide his confusion, the Master replied: 'Cottle Hall is at your service, Major Brand. I shall in nowise hinder any steps you may think fit to take. Nevertheless, your men must be content with what they can get, for my visitors are far from being numerous.'

At a word of command the troopers quitted the library, none remaining except a large, powerfully built fellow, whose habiliments bespoke him to be a non-commissioned officer.

'Now, Master Everett,' said the major, 'we can converse together comfortably.'

'But,' argued Everett, naturally anxious to quit the vicinity of his friend's hiding-place, 'your men have no scrupulous regard for property; would it not rather be better that we should first see them properly quartered?'

'No,' answered Brand gruffly, for as cats seem by instinct bound to regard the canine race as their natural enemies, so did this official consider all those who in any way opposed his wishes as being suspicious malcontents, on whom it was expedient to keep a watchful eye.

The surly answer brought a faint flush to Everett's pale cheeks. 'You take strange liberties with me, Major Brand,' he said, for a moment losing all self-control. 'Times must be sorely changed if my bare word is not sufficient to remove such as you from Cottle Hall.'

'Spoken like an upholder of the good cause—eh, Humphries?' remarked Brand to the tall trooper who stood looking on.

'Nay!' replied Humphries, speaking with that Scriptural affectation which Everett only used in his more agitated moods, 'the speech savoured mightily like the ranting of some vain-glorious Cavalier. If your worshipful pleasure that he should be arrested still holds, I will proceed to attach his person without delay.'

'Arrest me—attach my person!' exclaimed Everett, starting back. 'Where is your authority to do so?'

'Hold your peace, Humphries!' said the officer quickly. 'You are over-zealous.—We will stick to the matter now in hand, if you please,' he continued, addressing himself to Everett. 'Any questions concerning authority shall be answered by me as a member of that army who placed you in your high seat.'

'What is it you have to say to me, then?' asked the Master, wearily leaning his head upon his hands.

'This much,' replied Brand, with a significant glance towards his inferior. 'We are seeking for, amongst others, a troublesome youth named Walter Cunningham. Report has tracked him here, and an eye-witness testifies to his having entered the gates of Cottle Hall this very evening. Ask yourself, sir, whether a stiff-necked Malignant would tarry at the abode of a well-known adherent to our cause, unless he were likely to find friends within.'

'I will answer no more,' muttered Everett, fairly driven into a corner. 'You have searched my residence; you have doubtless interrogated my servants; and now, finding nought against



me, you put personal restraint upon my actions, and endeavour to convict me from my own lips.'

The Republican officer did not reply at once; he was slightly nonplussed; but his suspicions were not eradicated. A few moments' thought convinced this dogmatical worthy that it would be best to change his tactics and assume a pacific demeanour while still manœuvring for the desired end.

'I am sorry to have pressed such a charge against you, Master Everett,' he said frankly, after running the situation over in his mind; 'but duty, sir, must not be done negligently. It has been a stiff day for the best of us, stiff enough to try the patience of Job. Is there no wine-flask handy which we can talk over in a friendlier fashion?'

Greatly relieved by this candid declaration, the Master busied himself with placing a jolly-looking flagon on the table, while the Republican officer, who quickly gave some directions in an undertone, dismissed Humphries to join his comrades down-stairs.

#### SOME RECENT PHASES IN BIBLIOMANIA.

IN the past year or two, an unusual degree of interest has been excited among book-collectors, dealers, and the general public by the numerous fine libraries that have been disposed of by auction, and the exceptional prices in many cases procured, being far in advance of anything hitherto recorded in the annals of book-buying, and certainly, we should think, surprising more than any one else the owners of the books themselves. The campaign seems to have commenced in December 1879, by the sale of a portion of the library of Dr Laing of Edinburgh, chiefly celebrated for works relating to Scottish history and antiquities. Prices throughout ruled exceedingly high, showing the enormous increase in the value of many books within the last half-century. The next important sale was the Sunderland library, belonging to the Duke of Marlborough; which was immediately succeeded by the Beckford collection, removed from Hamilton Palace. That again was followed by the libraries of Mr Comerford, of Sir Richard Colt Hoare, and many others, including the collection of the Earl of Jersey, only recently dispersed. Nearly all of the above were of considerable antiquity, and, as a consequence, rich in early editions of the classics. In spite, however, of the fancy prices which many books realised at these sales, there is no doubt that a great number of scarce editions of the early authors were disposed of at much below their value, as compared with prices procured, often for the same identical copies, at the Roxburghe and other important sales at the beginning of the century; making it evident that the taste of modern collectors is changing. In a recent interview between Mr Quaritch, the well-known London bookseller, and the reporter of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the former said: 'The fashion has changed nowadays. Collectors go in for first editions of Keats, Shelley, Thackeray, Dickens, and for the engravings of Cruikshank and Phiz. Then sporting literature is greatly in demand.' And we

are sure our other large booksellers both in London and the provinces will amply corroborate this statement. We will therefore proceed to say a few words relating to this class of literature, now so extensively favoured by collectors.

Fifteen years ago, there seems to have been little or no demand for these books as curiosities; for, by examining the 1870 catalogues of a well-known dealer, we find 'Oliver Twist,' first edition, uncut, offered as new at one pound; 'Sketches by Boz,' three volumes, 1837, fifteen shillings; or in one volume, 1839, one pound; and Egan's 'Life in London,' uncut, 1821, at twenty-six shillings. How little do those prices compare with present values. 'Sketches by Boz,' in three volumes, is now worth at least twelve pounds; has been sold as high as eighteen pounds; and even in poor condition, can seldom be procured for less than eight pounds; while for 'Oliver Twist,' we recently saw a copy catalogued at ten pounds; and 'Life in London' at the same price. Dickens' 'Sunday under Three Heads,' 'Great Expectations,' and 'Life of Grimaldi,' range in value from ten to six pounds; and 'Pickwick' (in parts) was recently sold in London for twenty-five pounds! The demand which first brought about such prices did not really commence until after the death (in 1878) of George Cruikshank, whose peculiar style of work seems now to be more highly appreciated than ever it was during the lifetime of that versatile artist. Indeed, the desire to possess books containing his original etchings, and the work of other artists of his school, has continued steadily increasing up to the present time.

It is, however, a remarkable fact that collectors are capricious in their special liking for particular works of one author; and we must not neglect to mention as an example of this, that in spite of the large prices demanded for many of Dickens' works, others, such as 'Domby and Son,' 'Nicholas Nickleby,' 'Bleak House,' &c., may be procured at comparatively cheap rates. This peculiarity is also noticeable in the case of the five Christmas books of Dickens, all of which can be secured for a few shillings each, except the 'Christmas Carol,' which fetches as much as five pounds. These remarks apply equally to Thackeray's works; and it is worth noting with regard to books having no pictorial illustrations, and merely issued in three-volume form, that even they too may acquire an extraordinary value, as in the case of 'Great Expectations,' recently catalogued at ten guineas, and 'Esmond,' worth at least four guineas.

Uniform with the original issues of Dickens and Thackeray come a long series of novels by Lever, Ainsworth, Maxwell, Albert Smith, Trollope, &c., invariably published in parts and illustrated with etchings by Cruikshank, Leech, or Phiz. Certain of these have acquired a fictitious value, such as Ainsworth's 'Tower of London,' and the sporting novels of Robert Scott Surtees, well known as the 'Handley Cross' series. The list of books illustrated wholly by George Cruikshank is so extensive, that many collectors content themselves with a selection of his most important works, and among those most in demand are 'The Scourge' (1814), 'Grimm's Fairy Tales' (1823-6)—the Beckford copy of which brought sixty-three pounds—'The Omnibus' and

'Table Book,' and Brough's 'Life of Sir John Falstaff.' Rather less in demand are early editions of Shelley, Keats, Browning, Byron, Leigh Hunt, Tennyson, &c.; but the prices asked for many of them, especially if anything like a complete set has been formed, are sufficiently startling.

It must, however, be remembered that the highest prices are secured only for copies in fine condition and with uncut edges, a fact which is demonstrated by the comparatively small prices obtained for inferior and dirty copies, numbers of which are constantly being thrown upon the market.

To Dickens' collectors, we can confidently recommend Mr Dexter's 'Dickens' Memento' (London: Field and Tuer) as the most complete guide yet published; and we hear of similar works on Thackeray issued by another London publisher. We may remark in conclusion, that the enormous increase in the value of many of our modern works is to a large extent due to the American demand; many valuable libraries in the States, which the writer had recently the opportunity of examining, attesting to the fact.

### WILD WILL.

#### A TEXAN TYPE.

SOME years ago, few names were better known in Texas than that of 'Wild Will.' It is to be presumed that at some time of his life he possessed a surname; if so, it was soon forgotten, for during the greater period of his short but eventful career he was only known by his baptismal, or, to use an Americanism, here probably more appropriate, his *given* name, with the adjectival prefix. In his hot and unregenerate youth, Will had been unpleasantly notorious as the chief of a gang of 'road-agents' (highwaymen) whose depredations had made them the terror of the State. His skill with the pistol was extraordinary both for accuracy and rapidity. On more than one occasion I have seen him with a revolver in each hand at arms-length, simultaneously hit a playing-card on two adjacent telegraph posts, while riding at full gallop across the railway track midway between the poles. Then turning his horse, he would gallop back, repeating the feat, with his arms crossed. A playing-card is a small mark for a pistol-shot standing, at twenty-five yards. On the back of a running horse, the feat is simply wonderful.

It was Will's boast that of all the men he ever killed, none was ever hit save in the head. On one occasion, a band of sixteen United States soldiers, under the command of a non-commissioned officer, were ordered out to arrest him, information as to his hiding-place having been given. They found Will hiding in a thicket, and opened fire. He responded with his revolvers; and at the close of the action, fifteen of the soldiers lay dead, each with a bullet in his brain, whilst the other two managed to escape. Will himself was severely wounded; but he managed to drag himself to the brink of a little pool, where he lay until night, when he was carried off by some of his gang.

Having recovered, Will after a time began to grow weary of the excitement of man-hunting, when he was the unfortunate 'huntee,' and thought a little sport, with himself at the other end of the chase, might not prove uninteresting. By some means or other, he managed to make his peace with his outraged government—never a very difficult matter in the western States—and got himself appointed a deputy-sheriff of the State of Texas. In this capacity the apprehension of all criminals whose daring rendered their arrest dangerous was intrusted to him, and in Texas he was not often unemployed. On one occasion he was summoned to the sheriff's office and informed that a specially 'tough' job was in store for him.

'Well,' said the sheriff, 'Texas Charlie's wanted.'

'Yes,' said Will.

'We want him alive, if you can; but at any-rate, alive or dead.'

'So!' responded Will.

'Will you take'—

'Don't mind if I do. Whisky for choice.'

'No, no; I didn't mean that exactly. Will you take any men with you?'

'Guess not,' replied Will.

'Well, well; just as you please; but remember we want him, alive or dead.—Now we'll have that drink.'

Will immediately set out on his expedition. He had received information that Charlie, a noted desperado, had been making his headquarters at the little village of N—. Thither he proceeded; and by chance I happened to be in N—, looking up some missing cowboys, on the day of Will's arrival. We had met before on several occasions, and Will greeted me pleasantly, and insisted upon my taking a 'horn' with him, whilst he told me the duty he was engaged on.

After a short chat and further refreshment, Will started for the door with a cheery: 'See you again soon, old man! Get through this job pretty slick, I reckon.'

Just as he reached the door, however, a shout of, 'Hold your hands up, Will!' called all the inmates of the saloon to the street.

There stood Will, his hands in the air, calmly whistling a half-melancholy tune, whilst on the other side of the road sat Texas Charlie himself on a fine Eastern horse, accompanied by several of his gang, and with a fourteen-shooting Winchester pointed dead at Will's heart. (I may here state for the benefit of the uninitiated that throwing one's hands up is a sign throughout America that one doesn't intend to draw a pistol and shoot, and that, therefore, the other party should also drop his muzzle.)

'Well, Will,' said Charlie, 'they say yer goin' to take me, alive or dead.'

'Them's my orders, Charlie.'

'What d'ye think ov yer chance now?'

Will calmly resumed whistling the unfinished tune.

'Well, Will, guess I've got the better ov yer.'

'Thet's so, Charlie.'

'Now, look here, old man. I don't want no kinder trouble in this yer town, so I tell yer ye'd better walk backwards out thar to the brush' (pointing to a thicket about half a mile away). 'When ye get thar, I'll shoot ye; but keep yer hands up. Fust motion down yer makes, I shoot.'

Well, it wasn't altogether a lively prospect for

a man to walk backwards for half a mile with his hands over his head, especially with the certainty of being shot at the termination of the journey; but off Will set, still whistling his tune as calmly as if he was going to a lyceum lecture. Two or three of the others and I followed, meditating a rescue; but the levelled rifles of Charlie's gang were anything but comforting to look upon. As for the townspeople, a murder more or less was not a rarity worth tramping half a mile out of town to see.

A portion of the distance was passed, and still Will's clear bird-like whistle rang cheerily out. Charlie's rifle was at his shoulder, covering the deputy-sheriff's heart, and behind, the boys, with rifles and pistols ready, warned off the spectators from approaching too closely. The affair grew thrilling, positively fascinating. I can never forget the calm, cheerful look in Will's eyes as he tramped along backwards, or the cruel, determined air of Charlie and his followers.

Suddenly Will stopped. Waving his hands gently in the air, he shouted: 'Don't hit him, boys; he don't know what he's doin'.'

Like a flash, Charlie turned in his saddle, fearing treachery, and that some one was about to club or stab him in the back. For a second, the deadly Winchester swung from its line; that second was Will's opportunity, and with the speed of lightning his hands were at his belt, his pistols out and levelled; and before the desperado could turn again in his saddle, he rolled to the ground with two bullet-holes through his brain. His companions were so thunderstruck that they did not attempt to revenge his death, but turned their horses and galloped off; not fast enough, though, for Will's bullets, swifter even than a Texas mustang, stopped two of them. The rest escaped.

'Alive or dead,' was my orders, sirree,' said Will. 'I'm sorry it ain't alive; but dead 'll hev to do.'

That was the last time but one that I saw Will alive; on the next occasion he lost his life; but he fell gloriously—for a Texan, that is. The story, however, is too long to give now.

## OCCASIONAL NOTES.

### CAMELS IN AUSTRALIA.

In many parts of Australia are large tracts of arid country—deserts, we might call them—over which, especially in times of drought, it is difficult, if not impossible, for any but the aborigines to travel without the assistance of camels as carriers. Owing to the great increase of population at the antipodes, it has become a matter of some importance to have all possible facilities for opening out new districts; and in South Australia, attempts, not altogether unsuccessful, have been made to raise a home-bred stock of camels. At the present time, there are some two thousand or more of those useful animals in that part of Australia alone. These are greatly in demand, and regular market prices are quoted for them, the value of a good pack bull being sixty pounds, and a pack cow sixty-five pounds. Camels for harness are even more

valuable, selling from sixty-five to seventy pounds, according to sex; whilst those used for riding purposes fetch from seventy to seventy-five pounds.

Camels were not imported into South Australia in any number until 1866, when Sir Thomas Elder entered into the enterprise with a determination to establish a herd, and succeeded in landing a hundred and nine, which shortly increased to a hundred and twenty-five. Soon, however, the little herd was attacked by a kind of mange; and the camels suffered so much from this disease, that at the end of six months their number was reduced to sixty-two. In time, however, by the most careful treatment, the disease was stamped out; the herd then thrived well, and has now largely increased.

It was not until about 1883 that the settlers generally began to see the great value of camels in certain districts; and then the demand far exceeded the supply. In that year, Messrs W. R. Cave & Co. made a trial shipment of six; and this venture proved so successful, that in 1884 six hundred and sixty-one camels were imported. In India, great losses have been sustained from foot-and-mouth disease and tuberculosis; it has been therefore deemed necessary, as a protection to what has now become a very important interest in South Australia, that all imported camels should be subjected to a rigorous veterinary examination; and regulations to that effect were published in the *Australian Gazette* in December last. Those camels which have become acclimatised or are home-bred are particularly healthy; but the imported ones, as a rule, suffer greatly at first from skin disease of a highly infectious order (scabies), and many have died from this cause. The remedies for the disease are ointments of sulphur and carbolic acid; tar and fat; and indeed any of the usual sheep-dressings of which sulphur is an ingredient.

For purposes of exploring, surveying, and for carrying stores, camels have proved invaluable aids; and in the interior of Australia, they are firmly established as most valuable stock, and are turned to many and varied uses. In that country, there must always be large tracts of land over which it will be difficult to travel; and there can thus be no doubt that the enterprise of the importers and breeders of camels will be rewarded. Should we, some years hence, have the misfortune to be engaged in another Egyptian campaign, we may perhaps be able to procure that absolute essential of desert warfare, a stock of camels, from our colonial friends.

### PROTECTING THE SEACOAST.

A correspondent writes: 'The subject of protecting the seacoast is of almost national importance; I therefore send you the following particulars, as I think you will consider them worthy of a notice in your *Journal*. The ordinary means of protecting property along the coast is to erect either timber, concrete, or stone *groynes* or walls between high and low water marks, so that the shingle, &c. which almost invariably travels along the coast may be caught and retained. The increasing value of the property to be protected, and the frequent damage that has been sustained,

have caused many and various kinds of structures to be put up to attain this object. Judging by the experience gained in many places, it is evident that the benefits derived are frequently more than doubtful, and their cost generally very great. The accumulations of shingle which may have taken place during many months are often entirely removed during one or two rough tides.

'To meet these difficulties, Mr A. Dowson, C.E., 3 Great Queen Street, Westminster, has patented a system of open groynes, which allow the water to pass through them, at the same time trapping the shingle brought in by the waves. These groynes consist of a series of iron gratings attached to uprights firmly fixed in the beach. The effect has proved to be most satisfactory; for, instead of the waves loaded with shingle being dashed against a solid obstruction, as is the case with ordinary groynes, the water passes freely through the gratings, but leaves the shingle to accumulate until it becomes level with their tops, when it falls over, and travels forward to the next groyne. With this system, it is impossible that a backwash can be produced, as may be said to be the invariable result of the ordinary groynes.

'Other advantages of the open groynes are, that they can be erected in a few days, a matter of great importance when a foreshore is being injured during stormy weather. Their cost is also very much less than the old systems. These open groynes have been in practical and satisfactory operation on the foreshore of St Anne's, near Blackpool, for over two years, where at spring-tides the seawall is exposed to the full force of the waves from the Irish Sea. The Corporation of Brighton have also erected some of these groynes on a portion of their foreshore, where they have been subjected to some of the heaviest seas ever experienced on this very exposed coast. The result has proved the great advantages of the open system compared with the others previously adopted; for, while considerable damage was done to adjoining solid groynes, the open ones remained uninjured. At the same time, with the solid groynes there was much scouring away of the shingle; whilst the level of the beach protected by the open groynes was not lowered.'

A model, showing the system, may be seen in Group 3 of the Inventions Exhibition, London.

#### INTERESTING ROMAN AND GREEK DISCOVERIES.

The remains of a large Roman villa fitted with extensive baths have been recently discovered at Eining, near Abensberg—supposed to be the ancient Abusina—a town in Bavaria on the Abens river, near the Danube. The heating apparatus has been found in very perfect condition, together with many curious and interesting architectural details. But what is perhaps of more interest still, the skeleton of a woman has been found, having by her side a jug, a glass urn, and tear-bottles—the last, usual offerings to the dead. In addition to this, there was the apparatus of her toilet, including hair-pins, pearl necklace, and bracelets. Some sculpture was also brought to light, though in a very broken state; but one piece, a woman's head in marble, was very well

executed indeed. A 'votive' stone was also found with an inscription of four lines, dedicated, as an offering, in honour of 'Dea Fortuna Augusta Faustina.' A large number of Roman weapons, coins, spoons, rings, and fibulae, and many other articles, with Roman bricks, tiles, and stamps in considerable numbers, were also discovered amongst the foundations of this interesting villa.

An interesting discovery has recently been made in connection with the Forum at Rome. On cutting into the accumulation of the unexcavated portion of the north-east side, on which stands—between the Temple of Antoninus and Faustina and the church of St Adriano—the row of modern buildings which is ultimately to be removed for the completion of the excavations, a part of the pavement of the ancient street connecting the Forum with the Suburra has been uncovered. It lies at a level of some eighteen inches below the flagged area of the Forum, which dates from the seventh century. The street extends along the south-east side of that part of the Curia which is now the church of St Adriano. The pavement is in a fine state of preservation; and on one side of it stands a pedestal, probably of a statue dedicated, as shown by the inscription, to the Emperor Constantinus the Second, by Memmius Vitrasius Orfitus, who was *praefectus urbis* from 355 to 359. Large masses of marble, such as pedestals of columns, pieces of cornice, and other fragments, were found one upon another under the accumulations but lately removed.

The *Philologische Wochenschrift* of Berlin referring to the recent discoveries of a number of cornice mouldings of porous stone at the Propylea at Athens, starts the curious theory that these belonged to the older Propylea, but that they were used as building materials when the new structure was erected in the fifth century B.C. These stones are brilliantly coloured blue, red, and gold; they are in good preservation, and therefore may be given as excellent specimens of architectural colour decoration as practised by the Greeks two thousand three hundred years ago; a beautiful art, which of late has been successfully revived in our own country, and, when carried out with care and judgment, must always have a superb and striking effect.

#### MAY: A SONNET.

COME forth, my Sylvia; we must haste away  
From out our city home, for Nature wills  
That we should visit her green woods and rills,  
And hold this for a cheerful holiday.  
It is her holy honeymoon of May!  
The ardent sun, whose benediction fills  
The earth with joy, hath decked the leafy bowers  
Wherein she sits, crowned all with love and flowers.  
There is a witching music in the breeze,  
A deep life-stirring tune that fills the heart  
With longings wild and free, and bids depart  
All mean intrusive cares: the whispering trees,  
The sun, the flowers, the streams—all bid us roam,  
And claim, to-day, the woodland for our home.

T. W. S.

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